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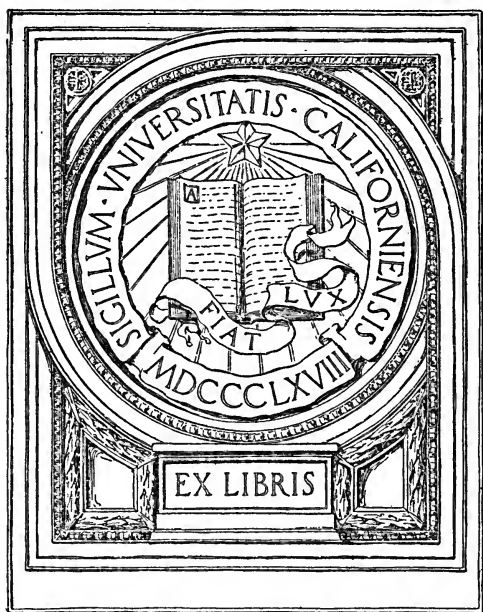
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# HARP OF THE HEART

A. S. BHANDARKAR

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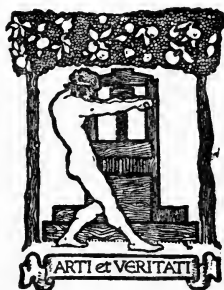
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# HARP OF THE HEART

BY

A. S. BHANDARKAR



BOSTON  
THE POET LORE COMPANY  
THE GORHAM PRESS

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## PREFACE

I have called my book *The Harp of the Heart* as all my poems are attempts at expression of the music felt within, music that in its last analysis is beauty, love and truth. Some of them probably to many of my readers, would savour of vague mysticism, or overwrought emotion; but I hope, there may be at least a few who will connive at or excuse those characteristics because they have felt as I have felt, and know how hard it is to do justice by means of words, to fancies and feelings that are not of this world. To such I offer these strains for appreciation.

A. S. B.

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## HARP OF THE HEART



---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

ASK

Ask yon moon what made her pale,  
What pain so deep to make her wane  
Hath wrapt her in this gloomy veil;  
Ask, ask that moon.

Ask the breeze what made it sigh,  
In blossom-fragrance mild to faint,  
Then linger, softly moan, and die;  
Ask, ask this breeze.

Ask this rose what made her weep,  
In tears of liquid dew and bleed.  
What made it tremble, fade in sleep;  
Ask, ask the rose.

Ask this harp what made it wail,  
In strains of sadness burst its soul,  
What made it thrill, then melt, then fail;  
Ask, ask this harp.

Ask, ask mine heart what made it fly,  
Beyond the spans of space and time,  
Impressing nature; ask it why,  
Ask, ask this heart.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

A SUNSET DAY

Oh Rose of Sunset  
Sing a song to me,  
A song that ever, ever was,  
And never again shall be  
While the sapphire-silked Night  
Comes dancing with her crown of light  
With her everlasting lilies  
Wreathing radiant melodies.

Oh, Rose of Sunset,  
Sing a song to me,  
A song that ever, ever was,  
And ne'er again shall be,  
Till the Night gets tired of dancing,  
Drunk with harmony entrancing  
Faints and falls within thy arms,  
And thou burn an Orient psalm.

GIVE ME BACK MY TEARS

Give me back my infant tears,  
Ah, give them back to me!  
The tears I shed when I saw the sun  
Sink slowly in the sea;  
Ah, give those back to me!

Give me back my holy tears,  
Ah give them back to me!  
The tears I wept when the orphaned child  
Soothed its mother, grieving wild,  
Slow climbing on her knee,  
Ah, give them back to me!

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Give me back my humble tears,  
Ah, give them back to me!  
The tears I dropped when I saw my kind  
Grow ever more in lust and blind,  
And chain its spirit free;  
Ah, give them back to me.

Give this frail world back its Soul,  
Ah, give us tears to keep,  
As pearls like dew-drops pure from heaven  
Or eyes of light that shine at even,  
Thy true love endless deep;  
Ah, give us back our soul!

Ah give me back a heart that feels  
Or melts in tender tears.  
I draw a restless, tainted breath,  
Can mourn not what endears.  
Ah, give me back a heart that bleeds  
Or else the peace of death.

ECHO: WHERE!

Aspire and fly; hence higher, higher soar,  
Annihilate all space, undo all time,  
Beyond all bounds, eternity's still chime  
Where hushed for aye infinity's mute roar;  
Forget; till life is death unto the core;  
Away to some oblivion's listless clime,  
Vast deep where sinks this world a mote of crime  
Where one is all, all's naught and this no more.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Wild words are weak; swoons, tears of blood are  
vain;

E'en silence mars the spirit's frenzied strain,  
The soul of love's soft trance, of beauty's calm,  
A lull of void; a sleep of blissful pain. . . .  
Yon sun a hymn of peace, yon moon a psalm,  
Melodious stars waft mystic dreams of balm!

THE ROSE-LOVER

I wake at peep of smiling Dawn  
And leave the sweet soft-tranced Rose  
In dew's impearled; in langour flows  
Her incensed wavy silkiness,  
As relics from night's wild caress;  
I wake and sing to hail the morn!  
I am a bee, a poet born.

I float and sing on streams of gold.  
The Sun in lavish splendor throws,  
My strains go ringing and disclose  
Translucent treasures of the world  
That lie in thought's dark shadows furled,  
Veiled petals of the void unfold;  
I burn with rapture deep untold.

I sing for her and kiss the Rose,  
I feed on music of her limbs,  
And winging fling melodious hymns  
That swing the rainbow gates of Heaven  
And sadden all the stars of Even,  
Within mine eyes her lustre glows  
While mad with Love my longing grows.



---

## *Harp of the Heart*

---

I sing till chants ethereal roll  
From angels' flutes, the moon release,  
And lull my fiery veins: I cease. . . .  
I fly to Rose's arms for Peace  
With balm my weariness to ease,  
I drink the nectar of her soul,  
Love's richest wine and feel the whole.

### BUTTERFLIES

Butterflies flutter in breezy air  
Butterflies glitter on swinging flowers  
Twinkling sparks of rainbows rare  
Dance and shiver in sparkling showers.

Glowing gems of golden day  
Rustling melodies of streams  
Glimmering lightly flicker away  
Poet's gossamery dreams.

Nymphs and fairies these that wing  
Gay in gorgeous silken dyes  
To crown their queen, the queen of Spring  
Quiver and dance quick butterflies.

### A SUNSET SPARK

Gold glimmers on the mountains;  
Gold glitters in the skies;  
Gold glistens in the fountains  
And flashes through my soul.

Music floods the leafy grove  
Music floats on streams  
Music flows from stars above  
And vibrates through my soul.

THE MAD SONG

From the one the many springs  
And the many lives in one,  
One melodious impulse swings  
Worlds in chains of change undone.  
Rest, motion, all are one and whole  
And mingle, mingle in the soul.

Silver pearls of tinkling rills,  
Floral stars in choral dance,  
Mellow songs from breezy hills,  
Lull fair nature in a trance;  
Melt, melt in music all my soul  
And mingle, mingle with the whole.

Golden liquid of the sun  
Soft azure of silken skies  
Through refulgent crystals run  
Blend in bright auroral dyes.  
Sink, sink in beauty all my soul,  
And mingle, mingle with the whole.

Virtue's pure etherial balm  
Love's sweet rosy dreams divine,  
Prayer's ecstatic holy calm  
In one endless glory shine.  
Fill, fill with light, with life my soul  
And mingle, mingle with the whole.

From the one the many springs  
And the many lives in one.  
One melodious impulse swings  
Worlds in chains of change undone.  
Sense, essence, all are one whole  
And mingle, mingle in the soul.

A SONG OF LOVE

Black is the sooty, clouded night,  
Black the noon-day singing bee,  
But blacker far thy wavy locks  
That dance in wanton ringlets free.  
Red is the all-consuming fire,  
Red, the rose upon the thorn,  
But redder far thy coral lips  
That shame the blushes of the morn.

White is the milky, floating cloud,  
White the taintless winter snow,  
But whiter far those beaming smiles,  
Thy beauteous face that overflow.  
Soft is the fall of dewes at eve,  
Soft the silken mosses green;  
But softer far thy balmy touch,  
Ne'er virgin birds so soft have been.

Bright is the sun that lights the world,  
Bright the silver twinkling star,  
But brighter far those eyes of thine  
That burn the captive's heart from far.  
Sweet is the love's surrendering "yes."  
Sweet the dying anthem's fall,  
But sweeter far thy honeyed breath  
Whose dulcet flow enchaineth all.

THE MUSIC LOVER

I love thee not for clustering curls,  
Nay, not for kisses, nectar-sips;  
I love thee for the music's flow  
That melts to roses on thy lips.

I love thee not for charming smiles,  
Nay, not for sweet entrancing sighs;  
I love thee for the music's flow  
That soars to radiance in thine eyes.

I love thee not for sylphic gait,  
Nay, nor for soft angelic grace;  
I love thee for the music's flow  
That drowns in beauty all thy face.

I love His heavenly light serene  
That beams thy rhythmic limbs along;  
I love His sacred glory calm  
That makes of thee an hallowed song.

## DAY AND NIGHT

The day came out in all his light  
Offered a bowl of trees and flowers,  
With rivulets, hills, meadows, fountains,  
A paradise of princely bowers  
And decked him in his golden crown,  
The poet poured his soul in song  
That wafted whirling earth along.

The night came out in all her calm  
Offered a sapphire plate of gems,  
With rubies, pearls, emeralds, diamonds,  
A dazzling wreath of diadems,  
And decked him in her silver crown.  
The poet poured in song his soul  
That wrapt the skies and made them roll.

## THE DEATH OF THE YEAR

The setting sun shall rise again,  
The moon shall wax, the moon shall wane;  
But thou, old year, shall'st never wake  
When once by ruthless time art slain.

To kill the old, to make the new  
Was ever nature's aim in view.  
Ere blossomed fresh the hoary tree,  
Away the red-worn leaves she blew.

Thy hour is nigh, thou must not wait,  
Old year, thou must submit to fate,  
The whole creation's final day  
Shall dawn to die itself, though late.

The hour is past; the year is dead,  
Beyond the sunset regions fled,  
No more to rise, no more to wake,—  
But shall his memory ever fade!

## KLYTAE

Vain efforts mine: alas, I ne'er could paint  
In shades e'en vague, bright visions of mine heart.  
I writhe beneath this Beauty's rankling smart  
To steal from far one strain of music faint  
That sways the soul of bliss-enraptured saint,  
How weak for Truth this mediating art!  
O'erflow my spirit unchecked or else depart  
And still for aye this burthening sad complaint;  
What sins corrupt my life? What specks of dark  
Eclipse the solar effluence of light?

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

What earthly passions mar the singing lark?  
The gloom of self bedims mine inmost sight;  
Discard each aim and soar in ecstasy!  
Express myself! I feel not—let me die.

### MOONLIGHT

When from the sweet, sweet moonlight  
Visions of blissful paradise  
Floated across mine infant eyes,  
So sweet, so holy was the night.

When through the soft, soft moonlight  
Beauty, celestial angel smiled,  
Pining for love my soul beguiled,  
How soft, how lovely was the night.

Now in this sad, sad moonlight  
Sorrow secluded longs to weep,  
Virtue dishonored craves for sleep,  
How sad, how lonely is the night.

When with the still, still moonlight.  
Spirit immortal mine will blend,  
Radiant, in harmony sans end,  
So still, so heavenly be the night.

A SONG OF SORROW

Sad sorrow, soar to me,  
Soar to the tender soul unloved,  
Lone spirit to alien lands removed,  
And steep her in sleep.

Still sorrow, flit away  
Flit from the weeping violets pale,  
Flit from the lily's languid sail,  
And melt me in sleep.

Soft sorrow, fly away  
Fly from the philomel's pensive song,  
Fly from the breeze the leaves among,  
And lap me in sleep.

Strange sorrow, flow away  
Flow from the harp of rippling streams,  
Flow from the trance of balmy dreams  
And lull me in sleep.

Sullen sorrow float away  
Float from the fading evening's glow,  
Float from the crystal-flowered bow,  
And calm me in sleep.

Solemn sorrow fleet away  
Fleet from the spell of glimmering blue  
Fleet from the pearls of glistening dew  
And charm me in sleep.

Sweet sorrow, soar to me  
Soar to this guileless soul unloved  
Bright spark too far from Home removed  
And sink her in sleep.

## ON THE SILVERY SANDS

Speed hence my soul, away; quick wing thy flight  
To sea's melodious silver-crested waves  
And merge, melt thee into their song that raves  
For aye; thence soar on beams of liquid light  
Unto the moon to lose in splendour calm  
Thyself; dissolve: a spark transcendant white  
Incorporate into pure radiance bright,  
And when the dawn besprinkles dewy balm  
Stream through the gorgeous glory of the sun  
And drown, distil into the spicy breeze.  
Beauty, Incense, Music—all live and cease  
In Spirit eternal, infinite one. . . .  
Ah! now to wake from bliss Elysian deep!  
Sweet trancing spell, sink, sink me in this sleep.

## RAPTURES

Golden fruits and silver flowers,  
Rains and dews and misty showers,  
Waving verdure, blossomed bowers,  
I see, I hear, I know.

Tuneful choir on lightsome wings,  
Rippling harps of pearling springs,  
Wind that ever laughs and sings,  
I hear, I know, I feel.

Incense flung in breezy streams,  
Gems full blown in morning beams,  
Stars of day, ambrosial dreams,  
I know, I feel, I love.



---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

TO —

Kings, lords of realms of wide expanse,  
What laurelled names to ages leave,  
Fell victims to a transient glance  
Forgive a tender soul, forgive.

Soft opes the many-petalled flower  
To breezy kisses of the eve,  
With rains of nectar fills her bower,  
Forgive a fading soul, forgive.

Heaven's self o'erflows with silver smiles,  
With welcome doth the moon receive,  
The thought of thee my pain beguiles,  
Forgive a lonely soul, forgive.

All, all for love the river weeps.  
Her heavy heart deep feelings heave,  
On ocean's bosom meek she sleeps,  
Forgive a failing soul, forgive.

Mild sings the harp in sweet accord,  
The same pulsations back to give  
Emerging from a kindred chord,  
Forgive a wailing soul, forgive.

Atom with atom mingle still  
Themselves of burdening love relieve.  
In strict obedience to His will  
Forgive a human soul, forgive.

A CHILD'S MORALIZING

When I behold the sun  
Obscured by darkest cloud  
Or when the beauteous moon  
Is wrapt in shady shroud :

When I behold the stars  
That always glisten bright,  
That always shine to fall,  
And vanish with their light ;

Or when the fragrant rose  
That sweetens all the bower,  
That spreads its sweet perfume  
To die a withered flower ;

Or when the silvery stream  
That winds its crystal way  
To freeze to stony ice  
Or dry a summer day.

I think that human life  
Is fleeting with its toys.  
Where Nature's bloom is short  
Man can not long rejoice.

IF THOU WISH

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,  
Kill me with thine eyes;  
Those stars of night like sparks of fire  
Shall melt my soul in sighs.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,  
Kill me with thy voice;  
Entrance my conscious self in sleep,  
In mine sad swoon rejoice.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,  
Kill me with those flowers;  
Soft fling them on my restless heart,  
They'll pierce like arrow showers.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,  
Kill me with a kiss;  
I'll take that poisoned nectar sip,  
And taste eternal bliss.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,  
Kill me with thine arms;  
Ensnare me in that fatal noose,  
And still me in thy charms.

If thou wish to kill me, sweet,  
Kill me with thy love;  
'Twill bring a surer, speedier death,  
A boon from heaven above.

LINES TO THE BREEZE

Blow me, O Breeze, from cursed earth,  
Where endless evils get their birth,  
Where vicious powers reign supreme,  
And naught but riches have their worth.

Blow me away from wranglings rude,  
Blow me from unrewarded good,  
From this dull gloom of feverish dreams,  
Where joy is pain misunderstood.

Blow me from fretful din and dust,  
Man's greed for sordid gains that rust,  
His crimes, who spills his kindred blood  
To quench his own infamous lust.

Blow me away from wicked breath,  
From poisonous slander worse than death,  
Blow me from transient glory vain  
And knowledge that endangers faith.

Blow me from iron rule of fate,  
Red-toothed fury, gnawing hate,  
From love that keeps the heart aloof,  
From vile temptation's sugared bait.

Blow me, O breeze, from passion's sway,  
From this atomic ball of clay,  
To yon celestial shining star,  
Blow me from here, far, far away.

Away from roses wrapt in thorn  
That bloom and die unseen, forlorn,  
Away from rills that waste in song,  
Away from night to glorious morn.

TO A WILD BIRD

Lament not, grieve not, noble bird,  
But pour thy liquid notes  
Of melody, though none shall hear  
Their music as it floats.

Thy crystal numbers smoothly flow  
To mine enraptured ear;  
Entrancing chants! they claim from me  
A sympathetic tear.

I dream of soft Arcadian flutes  
Of far-off golden days;  
They too, the simple swains of yore  
Unheeded piped their lays;

Let not thy tuneful harmonies  
Be changed to sad complaints,  
Since no vague word of earthly praise  
Thy lonely warblings taints;

This busy bustling crowd is dead  
To beauteous things sublime;  
Ethereal angels vain may hum  
Rare hymns of holy chime.

Fill, sprinkle all the woods with charm  
Of rich, delicious airs.  
Drunk deep with thine nectarine strains,  
My soul forgets his cares.

He listens to thy magic lyres,  
Whose glory they unveil;  
Sing sweetly, sylvan bard of Heaven,  
Till all my senses fail.

### THE TOMB OF ORPHEUS

Gone those strains that erst could wake  
The day from out his cell of rest,  
From soft melodious closes make  
The rich mosaic of darkening west.

Dead those strains that erst could turn  
Or lull the streamlet's whispering flow,  
From whom the lark his song would learn  
And flowers knew their spice to blow.

Gone, yet grasses over his grave  
Dance to a far-off vanished tune  
To music's melting charm a slave,  
There dreams at night the lonely moon.

Dead, yet over his tomb the rain  
Weeps out his soul in silver tears,  
Where philomel's sweetly sad refrain  
The sobbing calm of midnight hears.

### THE LAST PRAYER

Almighty God, Thou Primal Cause,  
Sole ruler of the earth and skies,  
This world is full of tears and sighs,  
To me who ne'er transgressed Thy laws!

No virtue here attains his meed,  
The good is linked with misery still,  
And conquered by the exulting ill,  
In truth, Thy riddle's hard to read.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

With faith of childhood's simple mind,  
In all thy works I love perceived,  
In life beyond the grave believed,  
Though reason murmured I was blind;

Oh, Thou Who art our Father kind,  
Who binds us with affection's ties,  
Shalt wish not; when some dear one dies,  
That love should weep in vain behind.

Hence, hence for higher life than this  
I lived; my past flew unenjoyed,  
All pleasures sweet I did avoid,  
Nay, banished self for doubtful bliss.

In charities I spent my wealth,  
I soothed the sick, released the poor,  
But now, alas, by misery sore  
Am forced to feed myself on stealth.

Is this the gain of all my deeds,  
Reward of my self-sacrifice,  
What promised treacherous hope, I miss,  
And naught shall now supply my needs.

O Lord, who wants us to be good  
And will not here our acts repay,  
Wilt thou thy gift of fruit delay  
The flickering virtue's only food?

Why! Yet my heart is full of trust,  
Somewhere I must my dues receive,  
Thou art not likely to deceive  
Thy creatures meek since Thou art just.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

I care no more to hold my breath,  
Perchance I sink in disbelief,  
It's better far to seek relief  
Ere turn a traitor to one's faith.

Enough! My will to me belongs  
Grant me some last sweet word of ease  
That fain my shameful course may cease  
Before it leads to deeper wrongs.

Forgive the wrongs I may have done,  
Till now by dire misfortune presst,  
Forgive, forgive my thirst for rest,  
Who long this evil race have run.

THE BELLS OF SPRING

Ring the bells, hail the Spring  
Now the wintry blasts are o'er,  
Days are broadening more and more  
Birds on bushes sing and soar.  
Swing the bells.

Swing the bells, ring the bells,  
Spring his choicest treasure showers.  
Scented breezes fan the bowers,  
Blossoms gild the leafy towers.  
Hail the Spring.

Hail the spring, swing the bells,  
Flowers decked with diamond dew,  
Roses red and violets blue,  
Gaily flaunt in vernal hue,  
Ring the bells.



---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Ring the bells, hail the Spring  
At the scarlet flush of day  
Cuckoos coo their echoing lay,  
Cheering early labourer's way.  
Swing the bells.

Swing the bells, ring the bells  
Sweet at eve the brooklets sing  
Varied notes in chorus wing,  
Welcome to the golden Spring.  
Ring the bells.

THE NATURE LOVER

I like to wander in a grove  
Where darkly close the branches twine,  
Where fearless deer and foxes rove,  
And shade themselves the nibbling kine.

I like to see the grazing herds  
That wind their way with lazy feet,  
To hear at eve the warbling birds  
Whose music melts in echoes sweet.

I like to lie on grassy bed  
Beside a slowly murmuring pool  
Where soft the balmy dews are shed  
And whisper evening breezes cool.

At night in lonely caves I rest  
Where moon bestrews her milky rays,  
My lowly life no cares infest  
And swiftly fly my winged days.

I live a life of joy and ease,  
Kind nature grants my humble need;  
I'll die unknown in perfect peace  
A death from transient tears freed.

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Upon a golden couch she lay  
O'erspread with mossy velvet green,  
While nectar breezes fanned her brows  
And shook the blossomed foliage-screen.

Her garb was soft and snowy silk  
That rustled with the gentle breeze,  
The nightly bird poured forth his soul  
In liquid notes his queen to please.

In slumber calm her eyes were sealed  
Sweet dreams entranced her beauteous face,  
Her dewy locks profuse and curled  
Were bathed in flood of silver rays.

Fresh flowers, buds, azure and rose,  
In clusters thick begemmed her lair,  
Cool, playful fountains leapt and danced  
With spray that gleamed in rainbows rare.

Harmonious harps were round her strung  
By sylvan deities blithe and fair,  
Whose sweetness shamed the siren songs,  
And lingering lulled the listening air.

A SLAVE'S LAMENT

Oh moon, that roamest still at large  
In broad, expansive skies,  
Why lookest thou thus sad and pale?  
Thou art not bound in servile ties.

O sea, that roarest still so wild  
That foamest white with rage,  
What maketh thee thus froth and chafe?  
Thou art not coop'd in darksome cage.

O wind, that wailest still in grief  
Thy course though wide and free.  
Why moanest thou thine heart away?  
A restless life's unknown to thee.

PRAYER

When pangs of pain torment my soul  
And Fate her poisoned arrow darts,  
I feel Adversity's control,  
And Love, life's single bliss departs.

When Doubt begins his shade to throw  
Then Faith, Oh heavenly angel kind  
Shower down ambrosial blooms like snow  
With balmy dews to cool my mind.

And for my soul from swoon to save  
Thy silken pinions gently wave,  
Then light the golden lamp of Hope  
That I in darkness may not grope.

---

## *Harp of the Heart*

---

### PRAYER

Grant me Thy love in flowers seen  
That ope their petals to the sun  
Thy love in twining creepers green.

Grant me Thy song of surging waves,  
Thine harp of purling rills that run  
In ripples through the echoing caves.

Grant me Thy peace of twilight-eve,  
When day to quiet rest hath spun  
And stars their silver meshes weave.

### THE SONG

Was thy song a downy dream  
That wove a paradise and flew?  
Was it a twinkling moonlit stream,  
Enchained in leaves impearled in dew?  
It wafted sweet in fainting air,  
Rustling breezes, where O where!

Was thy song a floral gem  
Its silken petals to unfold?  
Was it a rosy diadem  
That crowned my soul with crystal gold?  
It melted sweet in tranced air  
Tinkling meteors, where, O where!

Was thy song an incense soft  
That glimmered in etherial waves?  
Was it yon climbing star aloft,  
Whose light the empyrean laves,  
It lingers sweet in languished air,  
Flickering heart, ah—where O where!

### NOWHERE

In twilight let me dream  
Of beauty heavenly fair,  
Sweet on a saffron beam,  
I'll glide away, nowhere.

In moonlight let me dream  
Of Love infinite, rare,  
Soft on a silver beam,  
I'll soar away, nowhere.

In sunlight let me dream  
Of Life's own rapturous glare,  
Swift on a golden beam  
I'll fly away, nowhere.

### IN DISGUISE

"The breeze in fitful murmur blows,  
The streamlet still sweet-singing goes,  
A lily's lily, rose is rose,  
Pure love divine in music flows,  
A lover reaps what seeds he sows  
In lonely cell a prisoner knows."

These strains so soft and sweet that seem to chain  
mine ears,

Set free my soul to soar in realms of beauty rare.  
Where fountains weep midst flowers melodious  
moonlit tears,

Dear minstrel, thou hast given me wings to fly  
hence—where!

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Ah love! burst, burst my chains, dissolve this fleshy  
frame  
Unfetter me from self this gloomy charnel  
cave,—  
Fond memories wan; heart's longings unexpressed,  
spent flame!  
Am I a prisoner? more: a wilful, wandering  
slave!

PSYCHE

She was at dawn plucking roses, roses,  
Roses red and roses gold,  
Rapt in silk of rustling snow  
Like the moon enthralled in a pearly fold.

She was at noon plucking roses, roses  
Roses sleeping, sighing soft  
Tripping o'er the green below  
Like a sunbeam dancing in air aloft.

She was at eve plucking roses, roses  
Roses pink and roses white,  
Singing strains of love that flow  
Like wan-winged breezes on rippling flight.

She was at night plucking roses, roses,  
Roses dreaming, smiling bright,  
By pure fonts with stars ablow,  
Like an angel tranced in a prayer of light.

OUT OF TUNE

A lily on the stream, it rustled and sailed  
Soft dews on the lily, they lingered and glowed  
Sunbeams on the dews, they purpled and flowed  
A void in my heart, it fainted and paled.

A bright star flitted athwart the dark,  
The deep, deep dark of the sky.  
A white bird darted across the sea  
To blue, blue depths with a sigh.

A pure thought floated across my mind  
Full higher and higher to fly,  
A melody melted through vistas of time  
In glory of silence to lie.

An angel I spied—vague yearning I felt—  
My soul's own vision for aye,  
Love's glamour incarnate, life's far-off sadness  
For ever and ever to die.

A stream in the valley, it rippled and rang,  
A breeze on the stream, it wafted and wailed.  
A petal on the breeze, it flickered and failed  
A void in my heart, so listless it sang.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

MOONLIGHT

I hear the fountains tinkling  
In the garden of the moon;  
I hear the jewels jingling  
In the whirl of dancing stars.  
I hear a faint voice calling,  
Sweet strains my sadness mars,  
Like dew at eve they're falling  
So softly in a swoon.

I see pure blossoms glowing  
In the purple fields above.  
A crystal river flowing  
To a sapphire-coloured sea.  
I see an angel dreaming  
In tears and silently  
Her breezy sighs are streaming  
With overflowing love.

I feel a lull of langour,  
In the song of silence die,  
A far-off pensive clangour  
Of a lonely heart that yearns;  
I feel her silver glances,  
My soul with beauty burns,  
I smile in blissful trances  
And weep in ecstasy.

BEYOND

A song of stars beyond the sea,  
The waves are blossomed on their crest.  
They lisp a lingering melody  
And lull their heaving hearts to rest.



---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

A realm of flowers beyond the stars,  
That sprinkle breezy-twinkling pearls,  
And fling auroral balm that mars  
Quick Fancy with light, sparkling curls.

A world of dreams beyond sweet flowers  
Where angels sail on silver beams,  
Their harps dissolve in twinkling showers  
Of golden rain that faint in streams.

Beyond all worlds the thrill of love,  
The joy of life distilled in flame  
Of radiant music from above,  
Ethereal liberty sans name.

WHEN IN THE FADING HOURS OF EVE

When in the fading hours of eve  
The fiery sun hath sunk in sleep,  
Their work the weary labourers leave,  
And when the helpless, lonely weep,

When soft the pearly dew drops do fall,  
The snow-white daisy shuts her eye,  
The warbling birds are silent all,  
And silver stars adorn the sky.

When speckled owl is hooting low  
And flickering glow-worms dart their light,  
When smoothly glides the streamlet slow,  
And foxes hail the coming night.

Oh, then how sweet it is to gaze  
Upon that endless star-set blue.  
To learn to scorn the worldly craze,  
To think of heavenly peace anew.

AN INDIAN LOVER'S LAMENT

Shower forth, O beauteous scenes your charm  
Ye verdant hills with cooling shades,  
No more you feast my wandering eyes  
That drink not calm from lonely glades.

Oh, rapturous coil that pourest forth  
Melodious notes with careless ease.  
How ill thy songs would match with those  
Immortal strains too sweet to please.

Thou snowy swan with silver wings  
That glideth lightly in the lake,  
Who taught thee this thy sylphic gait,  
But she of soft, Shirisha make.

Thou, misty moon with pallid face  
Shed down thy gold with langour fraught  
Thou canst not ape her fairer looks,  
When deep immersed in pensive thought.

Dew-dripping lotus, lovely wan,  
Rough image of her glistening eye,  
When rich beset with diamond tears  
With that sapphire thou canst not vie.

Thou nectar-oozing, fragrant breeze  
That bloweth stilly, slyly by,  
Unwise of thee to steal those sweets  
Thick treasured in her breath that lie.

Bright like a meteor she shone,  
But swifter far away she's flown.  
It's better now in death to rest  
Than lead a weary life alone.

## A THUNDERSTORM

See! the sable clouds are lowering,  
Hark the thunder's distant roaring,  
Drop by drop the rain is pouring  
From the slowly darkening sky.

Now the furious blasts are brawling,  
Thick and fast the showers falling,  
To and fro the trees are rolling,  
Wrinkled leaves are tossed away.

Peal on peal the thunder's crashing,  
Bright and swift the levin flashing,  
Shower on shower the rains are lashing  
'Gainst the constant oozing panes.

Brighter still the lightning's glowing,  
Fiercer still the blasts are blowing,  
Wild with foam the cataracts flowing,  
Rushing down the noisy dales.

Now the storm is slow subsiding,  
Silver streams are softly gliding,  
Snowy cascades smoothly sliding  
Down the rocky verdant slopes.

Sweet's the showery fragrance spreading,  
Sparkling leaves last drops are shedding;  
Playful pools in rings eddying,  
Skies a cloudless dome azure.

Lo! the rainbow-colors shining,  
Red with gold and blue combining,  
Languid arch in peace reclining  
On the arms of emerald earth.

A LOVER'S LAMENT

The distant rivers meet, my love,  
The night and moon rejoin.  
The parted lovers greet, my love  
But ne'er shalt thou return.

Like buds that bloom to fade, my love,  
Or notes that charm to melt,  
Like stars that glow to fall, my love,  
Thy life was fleeting bright.

Still like a mate-reft bird, my love,  
I fruitless mourn my loss,  
As when some lonely cloud, my love,  
Bewails the lightning's flight.

The rose to me looks fairer, love,  
The moon doth brighter shine,  
The cuckoo's notes seem sweeter, love.  
Since thou hast left this world.

But vain the cuckoo sings, my love,  
The moon her splendour sheds,  
In vain the roses smile, my love  
To heal a heart that bleeds.

The nursling trees shall weep, my love,  
And fell their flowery tears,  
But I must ever pine, my love,  
Who find no rest in sleep.

In dreams, I see thy form, my love,  
In perfect beauty bloom,  
But then the breaking day, my love,  
Reveals the woeful truth.

A CITY NIGHT PEACE

The night is hushed, the moon is up,  
The stars are on their work intent,  
All lights are out and perfect calm  
Is by some steamy whistle rent.

The distant bark, the striking clock,  
The screeching owl, the rattling car,  
That borne upon the lonely air  
The dreary midnight stillness mar.

The aged watchman walks his rounds,  
With cautious, measured footsteps slow,  
And oft disturbs the silent night  
With clanking stick and hummings low.

The air is cool, all life's asleep,  
The stilly, rustling shady trees,  
Dim lighted by the lunar rays,  
Are waving soft and whispering "peace."

OUT FROM THE HEART

Out, out from the heart,  
Thou flame unknown;  
Float, float on streams,  
Melt, melt in dreams  
Of starlit beams;  
Ease, ease the wilful smart,  
No more my life I own.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Out, out from the soul,  
Thou light unknown;  
Sing, sing in dews,  
Weep, weep in hues,  
Rainbow bestrewn.  
Rend, rend the veiled goal,  
No more my life I own.

Out, out from this love  
Thou felt, unknown;  
Quench, quench the sun,  
Soar, soar from one  
Till infinite's won,  
Bright worlds wax dark above;  
No more my death I own.

BEAMS OF LIGHT

Sunbeams, sunbeams,  
Fling your liquid music  
In a golden rain;  
Drown, drown in floods  
Of rosy buds,  
Beauty sighing sweet with pain,  
Beauty weeping e'er in vain.

Moonbeams, moonbeams,  
Pour your foamy incense  
In a sparkling breeze;  
Crown, crown with pearls  
Black, blossomed curls,  
Beauty smiling sad in peace,  
Beauty dreaming e'er of bliss.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Starbeams, starbeams,  
Shower your streaming silver  
In a silken wreath;  
Lave, lave in light,  
Pure limbs so white,  
Beauty sleeping, soft of breath,  
Beauty, swooning e'er to death.

TO SHELLEY

Sweet minstrel, thou, that cleared ethereal climes  
On ærial wings of song still soaring high  
In rapture like thy lark; wouldst yearn and sigh  
For light undimmed, afar, in ling'ring rhymes,—  
The fount whence splendour floweth for all times,  
And love bursts soft in purest dreams that vie  
Rich liquid jewels, change their tints and die.  
Thou warbler wild of mad harmonious chimes!  
Thou sad Alastor pining e'er in vain  
For Beauty's soul in calm of starlit sky,  
Where oft thy wayward Fancy erst would fly,  
To tears unshed dissolve with easeful pain!  
Who shirks the lofty langour of thy strain?  
The wistful heart shall weep and list not why.

## LATE MOONRISE

Can you hear the angels sing,  
Sigh and sing, sing and cease?  
When the moon's dim, waning ring  
Rises pale on silvered seas,  
And the sad, soft breezes wing  
In faint languorous melodies.  
From faraway bright visions spring,  
The yearning soul from sleep release,  
Till rapt in light away she fling  
All life and death's eternities,—  
How the wistful billows swing!  
When sweet streams of rippling breeze,  
Pensive, weary, lingering,  
Fade in moonlit realms of peace;  
Can you hear the angels sing,  
Sigh and sing, sing and cease?

## A GLIMPSE

I lie a-dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,  
In a canopy of rustling breeze,  
Flecked rich with sun-shafts golden bright,  
Sweet blood of roses, gleaming, gleaming.  
Snow blossoms silver on the trees,  
Noon weaves a purple dome of night.

Soft silence sighs a-beaming, beaming,  
In a sleep of dewy melodies,  
Pale, flame-apparelled stars alight  
With flutes of pearl a-streaming, streaming,  
In ancient strains that swell and cease,  
And ope the inmost gates of light.



### VISTAS OF DREAMS

Through dewy vistas of flowery dreams  
Glide, glide to me in the drowsy night,  
My Love.

Robed in liliated splendour white;  
Breathe, breathe a kiss  
Of sweet vernal bliss  
And move,  
To music soft sleep's quiet streams  
Through odourous vistas of breezy dreams.

Through etherial vistas of moonlit dreams,  
Float, float to me in the silent night,  
My Love.

Decked in starry blossoms bright,  
Waft, waft a sigh,  
From the pearl-pure sky  
Above.

Embower my soul in Orient beams,  
Through auroral vistas of crystal dreams.

### SYMBOLS

The full moon's silvery orb above,  
From his starlit mansion blue,  
Upon a quiet, crystal stream  
His perfect image threw.  
When a wind o'erswept the streamlet  
And the image flickered and flew.

A lily floated down the stream  
On an emerald leaf, and wide,  
It wafted smoothly with the flow,  
Serene and slow to glide,  
When a breeze o'erset the lily  
That was borne away by the tide.

---

## *Harp of the Heart*

---

A rose o'erhung a lonely thorn  
By the rivulet's rim that grew,  
It swung its rosy head and sweet  
Impearled in limpid dew.  
But the liquid dew was shaken,  
When a breath from the zephyr blew.

"Restrain, mine eyes, your gushing tears,  
Restrain, oh heart, thine idle fears;  
He's dear unto me as that lark's sweet lay,  
He's true unto me as yon orient day."

### AFTER-GLOW

#### *A Suggestion from a Landscape Picture*

Thus soft the burning day hath sunk to rest,  
The last, faint streaks of lingering after-glow  
Are fading fast away; the cowherd slow  
His sluggish oxen drives in the grey mist,  
That fills the vale with gloom from east to west;  
E're deepening darkness thickens in its flow,  
The peasant to his lowly cot must go,  
His peaceful dwelling with contentment blessed,  
Where anxious hearts perchance his steps await;  
Oh, how I wish to lead thy rustic life,  
Far from the noisy din of bustling town  
To do thy work, oh gentle herd, till late  
Into the evening calm; still free from strife  
In nature's charms my simple cares I'll drown.

## RECONCILIATION SWEET

No more, no more let painful memories last  
And willingly forget the misty past;  
Doth not the parting sun who wheels his fiery way  
Returning, greet the rosy smiling day?

No more a glance o'er far-off wrongs be cast  
And lovingly forgive the gloomy past;  
Doth not the paly moon repenting of her flight  
With silver kisses welcome back the night?

From thy sad heart let bitter feelings fade  
Fresh blooms of love let blossom in their stead;  
Doth not insensate nature melt her shroud of snow  
To deck herself in garb of vernal glow?

May showers of joy wash out the ills of yore,  
Love's golden chain bind us for evermore;  
Like tender hues of rainbow when the rain is o'er  
Our souls in harmony blent, heavenward shall soar.

## THE POET'S EMOTIONS

He saw the vale with flowers crowned,  
He heard soft streamlet's whispering sound,  
In bees' melodious murmur drowned,  
And thrilled for joy, he knew not why.

He saw the twilight's orange glow,  
He heard the breezes rustling low,  
The birds' sweet farewells fainter grow,  
And wiped a tear, he knew not why.

He saw the full moon burning bright  
With rays of quiet silver light,  
O'er drowsy stillness of the night  
And sighed for peace, he knew not why.

A REQUIEM

No more for thee the pangs of woe,  
No more to toil for fleeting gain,  
Full freed from painful blows of fate,  
Rest calmly safe from sun and rain.

No more for thee this worldly strife  
No soothing word of parting friend  
Will dim thine eyes; no tears to shed,  
No ills to bear or wrongs to mend.

Dew-laden flowers shall deck thy tomb,  
Sad birds shall tune their mourning lays,  
And fondly will those sobbing stars  
Shower blessings with their brightest rays.

The thick-grown grass will be thy bed,  
Dame Nature kind, so fresh and fair  
Will serve thee with her generous heart  
And tend thee with maternal care.

Soft be thy sleep untroubled, deep,  
Sweet be thy holy rest in peace,  
Bright be thy life, if life there be  
For saints like thee that shine and cease.

## THE PROFANED SHRINE

Not love; call it not love that seeks his end  
In brutal pleasure; passion worse his name;  
He's fleet, inconstant, false; is born of shame;  
Can love be slighted, made to sell or lend?  
E'en love that serves two human lives to blend,  
By poet's praise immortalized in fame,  
Is weak, self-centred, narrow in his aim;  
Nay, man is man even higher to ascend.

Virtue, Beauty are sparks of Him as seen  
In idols of our heart; pure Love serene  
Aspires and faints in worship for the Soul,  
Not form; silence his song, sad tears have been  
His balm; visions of bliss in glory roll  
And peace; ah; holier . . . feel—unfeel His  
Goal.

## LIFE'S FOOD

If Music's melting voice and sweet  
Should cease to soothe our daily cares,  
Should vesper's tuneful wingèd choir  
Cease chanting notes of melody rare,  
Or rills their dreamy murmur cease,  
Then let my hold on life release.

If Sunset's parting saffron beams,  
Should cease to paint the silken sky,  
With fading hues of tender glow;  
Should flowers cease the meads to dye  
Or rays of smiling moon to greet,  
Then let me leave this world unsweet.

---

## *Harp of the Heart*

---

Should Sleep, the priceless gift of Heaven,  
Withhold her morphic charm of rest,  
Her dewy balm of soft repose  
From weary toil or woe oppressed,  
Should pain e'er fail to end in peace,  
Then let me seek elsewhere mine ease.

### TRANSIENCE

Twinkle, twinkle silver star,  
Twinkle in yon heavenly blue,  
Ere vaporous clouds thy splendour mar  
And thou must vanish with thy light.

Warble, warble charming bird,  
Warble in thy leafy grove,  
Ere notes so gay with pain be stirred,  
And thou must leave this summer bright.

Tremble, tremble fragrant flower,  
Tremble gaily on the thorn,  
Ere thou wilt quit thy lovely bower,  
And sadly weep away to-night.

### THE ALLEGORY

High, high to Heaven the prayer streams  
From infant souls untouched by sin,  
But Beauty's purer virgin beams,  
Draws holier psalms from depths within.

Ethereal bard that soars and sings  
With rapture at the gates of morn  
In vain melodious notes he flings,  
Would lull the lily's charms unborn.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Languid splendor breaking far,  
Through liquid crystals of the rain,  
Could never vie Love's pensive star,  
That turns the poet's dream to pain.

Entrancing sweet the breeze that flows,  
From rustling rose with petals soft,  
But nearer far the eye that glows  
With peace, to moon that smiles aloft.

Nay: words like these are vague and dim  
For heart that could no spark reveal  
Of nectar bubbling to the brim,  
The heart whose hope is but to feel.

Eternal round of life and death,  
Unmeaning deeds of crowd appall,  
The poet knows its idle breath,  
And Love is still the end of all.

TO —

Psyche harped from night till morn  
Beside the vast, deep sea of Life;  
What was the burthen of her song?  
"Helene, Helene pure as dawn!"

Psyche harped from morn till night  
Beside the vast deep sea of Life;  
What was the burthen of her song?  
"Helene, Helene dear as light!"

Psyche plunged in the sea of Love,  
What's the dirge the breakers sing?  
What's the knell the starbells ring?  
"Helene, Helene sweet as Death!"

## HEART-YEARNINGS

Burst forth mine heart in jewelled spice of flowers,  
And fling aureoles melodious to the skies,  
Burn bright in Orient song that never dies,  
Soar high in founts of gold, ambrosial showers  
And flood with rich mosaic all Heavenly bowers;  
Stream out in stars of dew, sweet balm of sighs,  
Or flow in silent crystal harmonies  
To melt in visions soft by sapphire shores.

Can this, frail heart, unveil that glorious light,  
Eternal beauty, music infinite,  
Thine aspirations calm, thy cravings vain?  
Rave, weep thy fill; thou canst not change the  
    night;  
Nor grasp the truth thou bleedest thus to gain!  
A deeper strain but breeds a heavier pain.

## AURORA

What's this incense failing, failing,  
In a drowsy noon?  
It's a melody sailing, sailing,  
Breezy vision paling, paling,  
From the silver moon.

What's this crystal tinkling, tinkling,  
In a golden haze?  
It's a spring close mingling, mingling,  
Dewy rainbows twinkling, twinkling  
In a floral blaze.



---

## *Harp of the Heart*

---

What's this ocean dreaming, dreaming,  
In a boundless space?  
It's dim ether gleaming, gleaming,  
Starry gossamers streaming, streaming,  
In a listless race.

What's this halo trailing, trailing  
Wreaths of purpling spray?  
It's faint memory hailing, hailing  
Time's dull murmur veiling, veiling,  
With a pearly ray.

What's this life sweet waning, waning,  
In a sleep of bliss?  
It's a love soft raining, raining,  
Soul's infinite straining, straining  
Through an angel's kiss.

### CHANGED

Here in this leafy bower  
Where we were wont to meet,  
I muse alone in darkness,  
That thus our love should fleet;  
That man a heavenly gift  
Should ever so lightly treat!  
How once the birds sang merrily  
Their welcome chant to thee.  
Our love the trees soft whispered  
To the loud betraying bee,  
Then swung the clustering flowers  
In tender sympathy,  
And danced the sparkling fountains  
In overflowing glee.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

I dreamt not that a maiden  
Like thee so sweet and coy  
Should fling her love God gi'en,  
As a child some loathed toy.  
But now the birds no longer  
Pour forth a joyous strain,  
The trees but sigh in sadness,  
Wild wails the bee in vain;  
Alas, the flowers drooping  
Now tremble in their pain  
And fountains weep profusely  
In showers of limpid rain.  
The heart that once was kindled,  
Is shaded with a gloom.  
A maiden's love is faithless,  
That dazzled in its bloom.

### I FEEL A PAIN

I feel a pain, I know not how,  
Since thou didst bend soft eyes on me,  
I was once gay, but gloomy now.

I feel a pain, I know not why,  
Since thou didst fell bright eyes on me,  
Mine heart was light, sad now I sigh.

I feel a pain, I know not what,  
Since thou didst fling wild eyes on me,  
I live a life but feel it not.

I feel a pain, I cannot weep,  
My soul hath found her soul in thee,  
I live in death, I wake in sleep.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

This dust that chains this bleeding soul,  
That burns to feel all one with thee,  
I shake away—cease; be the whole.

DISINTERESTED SERVICE

With ruby lips the morning smiles to cheer  
Our hearts; melodious notes the birds outpour,  
As merrily from tree to tree they soar,  
The crystal dew on foliage sparkle clear,  
Fresh-petalled gems their clustering splendour rear,  
And forth their treasured balmy fragrance shower;  
For us yon Phoebus opes his Orient door  
And rolls his golden wheel in bright career;  
But neither he nor scented flowers sweet,  
The dew-besprinkled leaves or charming morn  
Delight our senses hoping for return;  
Then why should I, O God, profane my feet,  
In empty prayers of greed unholy born?  
Uplift my soul with love's pure flame to burn!

WON

I heard a strain, a mellow strain  
Swept lightly by a siren mild,  
Singing sweet in silver rain,  
The harp was still, mine heart grew wild.

I breathed a balm, a nectar balm,  
Flung by a floral sylph in dew,  
Lulling all my sense to calm  
The fragrance failed, my spirit flew.

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

I saw a dream, a beauteous dream,  
An angel sailed the crescent moon,  
Ploughed with gold a sapphire stream,  
The vision passed, I fell aswoon.

I found a love, a lonely love,  
A sylvan nymph entranced my soul,  
Sprinkling silence through her grove  
I pined for her, and clasped the whole.

A FRAGMENT

Thy face is the moon without her spot,  
Thy cheeks are roses sans their thorns;  
Ne'er fading violets are thine eyes,  
Ambrosial zephyrs are thy sighs;  
Thy smiles are cloudless beaming morns,  
Thyself an angel, vainly sought.

MY TEAR

I shed a tear, a tear of joy,  
I found it in the dewes that shone  
On waving grasses, green and coy.

I dropped a tear, a tear of pain,  
The jasmins bloomed and on their balm,  
I saw my tear in beads of rain.

I wept a tear, a tear of love,  
My tear became a budding rose,  
And smiled full sweetly in the grove.

I wiped a tear, a tear of bliss,  
My tear turned out a star of light,  
Whose peaceful glow I ne'er could miss.

THE TEMPLE-BELLS

How sweet these bells were wont to ring  
That now bright days of childhood bring  
    To memory dear,  
    A heart grown sere,  
When faith was love fore'er to cling.

Innocence then was soul's delight,  
And instinct virtue's guiding light;—  
    At each soft strain  
    Of anthem's wane,  
Then tears flowed down like dewes at night.

How calm on light, melodious wings,  
I sailed to Heaven's ambrosial springs,  
    And saw pure streams,  
    In silver beams,  
Where angels sang on floral swings.

I heard still music from afar,  
Of psalms from yon lone-twinkling star,  
    And felt in sleep,  
    Ethereal deep,  
Whose radiant swell no space could mar.

Now all my days with pain are rife,  
No good accrues from ceaseless strife,  
    Sweet, lin—lan—lone,  
    Hope's lingering tone,  
On dying faith revive a life.

Ring, mingle in melodious rain,  
Harmonious bells to peal in vain!  
    A dawning light,  
    My heart is bright,  
Am I to be a child again!

### THE UNIVERSAL ANTHEM

Eternity is singing  
Infinity's praise,  
Heavens and worlds are swinging,  
Raise thy chorus, raise.

Spirit's all-pervading  
(While swift æons fly)  
Dust to dust still spreading,  
Nay, thou shalt not die.

Instinct, inspiration,  
Rapture, ecstasy,  
Love, are life in motion,  
Soul from bondage free.

Trust in revelations,  
(Science a crooked way)  
Thrills, divine pulsations,  
For the immortal aye.

Universal glory  
Flows from unit's core.  
Space and time a story  
Soar in anthem, soar.

THOU ART WEeping STILL

The lucid dawn is breaking,  
The rosy sun is decking  
The tree-tops softly shaking,  
But thou art weeping still.

In sun the dew-drops glittering,  
In breeze the leaves are fluttering,  
In joy the bees are muttering,  
But thou art weeping still.

The birds are sweetly singing,  
The fountains skyward springing,  
Melodious bells are ringing,  
But thou art weeping still.

At ease the streamlet's gliding,  
Blue clouds the moon is riding,  
In peace the world's abiding,  
But thou art weeping still.

And thus the birds shall sing,  
And ever the lavish spring  
His floral treasures fling,  
Though thou be weeping still.

LINES TO MUSIC

Dear Heavenly angel, empress of the soul,  
How oft thy mild enchanting touch hath soothed  
The aching heart and cooled the fevered mind ;  
Thy soft melodious notes like dewy showers,  
Are shed upon the weary and the sick ;  
Thy honied strains that rise and faint away  
Can calm the wild uproarious ocean's rage,  
Or check the fiery chariot of the sun ;  
Thy varied tunes in unique harmony blent,  
Intoxicate the soul with joy divine,  
And steep the spirit in Elysian balm ;  
The musing mind is sunk in deep repose,  
The slumbering eye is wrapt in peaceful sleep,  
At thy command the mournful heart doth melt  
In willing tears still pleasing in their pain :  
Most golden dreams of perfect bliss we owe,  
Oh music sweet, to magic charm of thine.

THE PIPER

The piper piped at evenfall,  
(The stream sped murmuring by),  
He piped a tune, the all in all  
Of worlds that live and die.

The piper piped at dead of night,  
(The stream slept smiling by)  
He piped a strain that waned in light,  
Of long-lost dreams on high.

The piper piped at break of dawn,  
(The stream fled sobbing by)  
He piped a chant for souls forlorn,  
And ended with a sigh.



THE LULLED OAR

The song is still:  
A fainting star is floating  
In the sky above;  
I've drunk my fill:  
Mine heavy heart is doting  
On a sigh of love.

The song is still;  
A languid breeze is sprinkling,  
Kisses soft and pure;  
I've drunk my fill!  
The world's sad knell is tinkling  
Through this dome azure.

The song is still:  
A paly ripple's sailing  
On the sea below;  
I've drunk my fill:  
My life for love is failing,  
Sweet, my breath falls slow.

The song is still:  
A weary music's breaking  
From the trance alone;  
I've drunk my fill:  
A swooning soul is shaking  
Life and death in one.

REQUIESCAT

Sprinkle roses, blooming roses,  
Her soul hath found her rest above,  
Fill with rainbow sheen her bed,  
Hers who lived for love.

Sprinkle violets, dewy violets,  
Her soul hath found her peace above,  
Deck with paly blue her shroud,  
Hers who died for love.

Sprinkle lilies, milky lilies,  
Her soul hath found her life above,  
Crown with purest light her grave,  
Hers who died of love.

A WRINKLED SCROLL

Long, long before the flood  
Of Space into the still Unknown,  
When this world was gray with childhood,  
And joy shed tears of moan,  
Long, long ago. . . .  
When the white Moon burning lay  
And the lonely Sun in snow  
Poured quiet on the day,  
Far, far away,  
Her dreamy looks were lighted  
At flaming Love's deep sigh,  
On Time's sad whirl and slow,  
Betwixt the Earth and Sky  
Far, far away, . . .

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

When life was pale and blighted  
With Beauty's breath to die,  
When Song was waning languid low,  
Calm, loftier heights to fly,  
Long, long ago, . . .  
When light was fainting dim on high,  
Through all the wide, wide Aye,  
Her weary looks were sighted,  
Far, far away,  
Vaguely wistful thus to glow  
Strangely listless thus to flow  
In peace, this pining Soul to slay  
The How, the Where, the When, the Why  
Of the Immortal One astray,  
Far, far away,  
Long, long ago.

### TO A SIREN

Thy sweet, sad voice soars high aloft,  
To wreath a garland of those stars,  
Then burst in dews, in pearls so soft—  
The music of the spheres jars.

Yon Cynthia furls her crystal sail,  
Faints in a paly silken swoon,  
From depths azure a dimmer wail,  
In dreams melodious veils the moon.

Fair Venus weeps in tears untold,  
Pours sad calm silver songs in rain,  
"Love, love divine to them unfold,  
Who melt their yearning hearts in pain."

---

*Harp of the Heart*

---

Queen Angel of etherial realms,  
In still infinity that sleep,  
Thy strain with magic overwhelms  
And lulls her in a langour deep.

My soul a smouldering spark of light  
Eternal, one, the sea of life  
Laves in a far-off splendour bright  
Unconscious, freed from time and strife.

THE BROKEN HARP

What though the harp be broken? /  
The strains so lightly swept will fleet  
To Heaven in aerial trances sweet.  
Ah! let the harp be broken.

What though the rose be shaken?  
The incense swung around will beam  
In Heaven a still ambrosial stream.  
Oh! let the rose be shaken.

What though the heart be broken?  
The sad pure sigh that's heaved so deep,  
In Heaven will pearly crystals weep,  
Ah! let the heart be broken.

What though this life be shaken?  
The stainless soul in virtue bred,  
In hallowed light to Heaven be sped,  
Ah! let this life be shaken.



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